residents of Cape Colony who had joined the armies of the Boer republics. The universally conceded right of voluntary expatriation was denied them; and in their case the old British doctrine of "once a British subject always a British subject," one of the causes of our war with Great Britain in 1812, was revived to make an excuse for hanging them. To hang these men for joining the Boers was the same as if in our civil war we had hanged Northern men found fighting for the Confederacy, or the Confederacy had hanged East Tennesseeans who served in the Federal army. Besides hanging scores of such men the British have gone the length of shooting Boer commandants whom they had captured. One was Scheepers, whose alleged crime was violation of the laws of war. He denied the charges circumstantially, but a British army court-martial convicted him. British newspapers of high standing have shown that even if the facts laid to his charge were true, all that he did was done under orders from military superiors, and that this should have exonerated him from responsibility. It was evident, however, that he was doomed from the hour of his capture. Another commandant, Kritzinger, is under trial by British court-martial upon similar charges. Apparently the British army policy in South Africa is to shoot prisoners whose military exploits have embarrassed them, using baseless charges of military crime as their legal excuse, and the assumption that the Boer government is only a government on horseback as their moral justification; and Gen. Delarey, were he to retaliate, now that he has Methuen in custody, would be justified. But, notwithstanding these British outrages upon prisoners; notwithstanding the widespread desolation of his country by the wanton burnings of Boer farms, whole districts at a time, by British orders; notwithstanding the horrors and wholesale deaths of the reconcentrado camps which the British army has established in South Africa in imitation of Weyler in Cuba—notwithstanding all this provocation, Gen. Delarey's character for humanity has been so deeply impressed upon his enemy that Lord Roberts feels justified in publicly guaranteeing the safety of Methuen in Delarey's hands. One could hardly feel so sure of Delarey's safety in Kitchener's hands.

It would be difficult to characterize the spirit in which the American invasion of the Philippines was begun and is maintained, so accurately yet with such bitter though unconscious irony, as it was done the other night by Funston—he who secured a brigadier general's commission and a rather discreditable niche in American military history, by the spy methods he adopted to capture Aguinaldo. This sudden and somewhat unsavory brigadier general was being dined and wined at a Chicago Republican club, where he made a speech imperiously denouncing Americans who stand for the Declaration of Independence. Ignoring the really vital fact that no American soldiers would have been hurt in the Philippines if they had not defied the traditions of their own country by invading the islands, he absurdly and with apparent malice tried to shift responsibility for the slaughter since January, 1900, to the anti-imperialists. But the gem of his speech was the sentence already alluded to as unconsciously satirizing the spirit of the invasion. Said he:

Let us keep our differences to ourselves until the sovereignty of the United States has been established. Then, if we must, let us pull hair among ourselves as to how we shall dispose of our possessions.

There is the idea exactly. Let us keep quiet until the theft is complete, and then quarrel all we please over the division of the loot! And that is modern patriotism! Where do its ethics and tactics differ, except in magnitude, from those of a midnight expedition of "benevolent assimilation" to a water melon patch or a hen coop?

As the next election in California approaches, the Democrats of that state are beginning to discuss their prospects and purposes. Certain leaders, those who wear the uniform of Democracy but often camp in the tents of the plutocrats, are urging the nomination of a safe, conservative, and—as the San Francisco Star appropriately adds—"a weak man, who is not known to have any opinions on great public questions, or who, having opinions, has kept them carefully bottled up and hermetically sealed." The Star does not want such a candidate. It wants no mere orator, who will recount "the glorious deeds of the fathers" while ignoring our departure from their teachings; it wants no little reformer without sincere convictions; it wants no boss's tool. What it demands is—

that a clear-cut declaration of really democratic principles be adopted, and that the party's standard bearer be not one who sulked in his tent in the Bryan campaigns, and whose voice has never been uplifted for industrial and political freedom, but a man of the people, and known to the people as the upholder and defender of all the rights to which the Declaration of Independence says man is entitled, and which the Constitution of the United States once guaranteed.

That is about what is needed not only by the Democratic party in California, but also by the Democratic party of the nation.

In the issue of the Commoner of March 7, Mr. Bryan considers David B. Hill as a presidential candidate. There is nothing obtrusive in Mr. Bryan's having done this, for the Manhattan club banquet at New York was as undisguised an effort to place Mr. Hill in the foreground for the Democratic nomination as could possibly be made. It would not have been more pronounced either on his own part or on the part of this club, which, by the way, is said to have supported McKinley in 1896, had he worn a label inscribed in big letters: "I am a Democrat and am a Candidate for President." But Hill's presidential prospects are blighted. If Mr. Wood's speech at the banquet, which is now gaining considerable circulation in the Democratic press, did not assure the spoilsmen present that they were